

A  
**BALLAD**  
 UPON THE  
**POPIISH PLOT**

*Written by a Lady of Quality.*

*Whether you will like my song or like it not,  
 It is the down-fall of the Popish Plot;  
 With Characters of Plotters here I sing,  
 Who would destroy our good and gracious King;  
 Whom God preserve, and give us cause to hope  
 His Foes will be rewarded with a Rope.*

To the TUNE of *Packington's Pound.*

1.

**S**ince Counterfeit Plots has affected this Age,  
 Being acted by Fools, and contriv'd by the Sage:  
 In City, nor Suburbs, no man can be found, (round.  
 But frighted with Fire-balls, their heads turned

*From Pulpit to Pot  
 They talk'd of a Plot,*

Till their Brains were enslav'd and each man turn'd  
 But let us to Reason and Justice repair, (Sot.  
 And this Popish Bugbear will fly into Air.

2.

**A** Politick Statesman, of body unsound,  
 Who once in a Tree with the Rable set round;  
 Run Monarchy down with Fanatick Rage,  
 And preach'd up Rebellion I that credulous Age.

*He now is at work,  
 With the Devil and Turk;*

Pretending a Plot, under which he doth Lurk,  
 To humble the Miter, while he squints at the Crown;  
 Till fairly and squarely he pulls them both down.

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# The Second Part of the same Tune.

105

Ca.

3

He had found out an Instrument fit for the Devil;  
Whose mind had been train'd up to all that was evil:  
His Fortune sunk low, and detested by many;  
Kick't out at St. Omers, not pittied by any.

*Some Wisperers fix'd him  
Upon this design;*

And with promis'd Reward did him countermine;  
Though, his Tale was ill-told, it serv'd to give fire;  
Dispis'd by the Wife, whilst Fools did admire.

Bed

4

The next that appear'd, was a Fool-hardy Knave,  
Who had ply'd the High-ways, and to Vice was a  
Being fed out of Basket in Prison forlorn; (Slave;  
No wonder that many should make him forsworn.

*He boldly dares swear,  
What men tremble to hear;*

And learns a false Lesson without any fear.  
For when he is out, ther's one that's in's place:  
Relieves his invention, and quickens his Pace.

Dug

5

In a Country Prison another was found,  
Who had cheated his Lord of One Thousand Pound;  
He was freed from's Fetters, to swear and inform,  
Which very courageously he did perform.

*To avoid future Strife,  
He take's away Life,*

To save poor Protestants from Popish Knife,  
Which only has Edge to cut a Rogues Eares,  
For abusing the People with needie's fears

Dr

6

Another starts up and tels a false Tale,  
Which strait he revoked his Courage being frail;

But to fortify one that needeth his Aid, (swade  
Being tempted with money which much doth per

*He swore he knew all  
That contrived the fall,*

Of one, who that day was seen neer to <sup>God</sup> White-Hall;  
Where he by the Treasurers powerfull Breath.  
More likely by far received his Death.

7

A Gown-man most grave with Fanatical form,  
With his scribbling wit doth blow up this storm;  
For Moth-eaten Records he worships the Devil,  
Being now lodg'd at Court he must become civil.

*He hunts all about,  
And makes a great Rout,*

To find some Old Prophecy to help him out; <sup>God</sup>  
But his Friend that was hous'd with him at Fox-Hall,  
Being joyn'd with his master still strengthens 'em all

8

Then com's a crack'd Merchant with his shallow  
Who first did lead up this stigmatiz'd train; (Brain  
He since is growu useles, his Skill being small,  
Yet at a dead lift, hee's still at their call.

*He has pestered the Pres's,  
In ridiculous dress*

In this scribbling Age he could not do less;  
But to so little purpose as plainly appears  
With Pen he had as good fate picking his Ears.

9

To end with a Prayer as now 'tis my Lot,  
Counfounded be Plotters, with their Popish Plot:  
God bless and preserve our Gracious good King,  
That he may ne're feel the PRESBYTERS stings;

*As they brought his Father  
With rage to the Block,*

So would they extirpate all the whole Stock:  
But with their false Plots I hope they will end,  
At Tyburn where th' Rabble will surely attend.

FINIS.

# A B A L L A D.

The Third Part, To the same Tune.

*Written by a Lady of Quality.*

*The Plot is vanish'd like to a bashfull Sprite,  
Which with false flashes, Fools could only fright.  
The wise, ( whose clearer Souls can penetrate, )  
Find's shadows drawn before Intrigues of State.  
God blefs our King, the Church, and Nation too,  
Whil'st perjur'd Villains have what is their due.*

To the TUNE of *Packington's Pound.*

I.

**T**He Presbyter ha's bin so active of late,  
To twist himself into the Mysteries of State,  
Giving birth to a Plot to amuse the dark world  
'Til into Confusion three Kingdom's are hurl'd ;

*It is so long since,  
He Murther'd his Prince,*

That the unwary Rabble he hopes to convince,  
With Jingling words that bears little fence,  
Deluding them with Religious pretence.

2.

Their scribbling Poet is such a dull Sot,  
To blame the poor Devil for hatching the Plot ;  
The Mutther o'th' King, with many things more,  
He falsely would put on the Jesuits score :

*When all that have Eyes,  
Be they foolish, or wise,*

May see the fly Presbyter through his disguise ;  
Their brethren in *Scotland* has made it well known,  
By Murthering their Bishop, what sins are their own.

3.

The Poet, whose fences are somewhat decay'd,  
Takes *Joan* for a Jesuit in Masquerade ;  
His Muse ran so fast, she ne're look'd behind her,  
Or else to a Woman she would have prov'd kinder.

*His fury's so hot,  
To Hunt out the Plot,*

That fain he would find it where it is not,  
Although I've expos'd it to all that are wise,  
He has stifled his Reason, and blinded his Eyes.

4.

An old *Ignis fatuus*, who leads men astray,  
And leaves them i'th Ditch. but still keep's his way,  
In politique head first framed this Plot,  
From whence it descended to Presbyter Scot,

*Who quickly took Fire,  
And assoon did expire,*

Having grave factious fools their zeal to admire ;  
Who for the same cause would freely fly out,  
But Plotting's more safer to bring it about.



5.

Here's one for Religion is ready to fight,  
That believes not in Chr. st, yet swear's he's i'th right:  
If our English Church (as he says,) be a Whore,  
We're sure 'twas *Jack Presbyter* did her deflowr;

*He'd fain pull her down,  
As well as the Crown,*

And prostitute her to every dull Clown;  
To bring in Religion that's fit for the Rabble,  
Whilst Atheisme serves himself that's more able.

6.

A Peitilent Peer of a levelling Spirit,  
Who only the Sins of his Sire doth inherit;  
With an-unsteady mind, and Chymerical brain,  
Which his broken Fortune doth weakly sustain,

*He Lodg'd i'th City  
Like Alderman brave,*

Being fed up with faction to which he's a slave;  
He never durst fight, but once for his Whore,  
Which his feeble courage attempted no more.

7.

Another, with Preaching and Praying wore out,  
Inspir'd by th' Covenant is grown very stout;  
Th' old cause to revive it is his designe,  
Though the fabrique of Monarchy he undermine:

*He tortur'd his Pate,  
Both early and late,*

I'th' Tower, where this mischief he hope to create;  
But to Countrey dwelling he now doth re-ire,  
To Preach to Domentiques whilst they do admire.

8.

Another, with head both empty and light,  
For the good Old cause is willing to Fight;  
I'th' Choise of fit members for th' next Parliament,  
He spit out his zeal to the Rabbles content,

*Whilst his wife in great State  
Chose a Duke for her Mate,*

For whose sake a Combustion he needs would create  
For since his indulgence allows her a Friend,  
He'd make him as great as his wish can extend.

9.

There's one, whose fierce courage is fal'n to decay  
(At *Geneva* inspir'd,) he's much led away;  
He would set up a Cypher instead of a King:  
From Presbyter zeal such folly doth spring.

*He once did betray,  
A whole Town in a day;*

And since did at Sea fly fairly away:  
He had better spin out the rest of his Thread,  
In making Pot-Guns, which disturb not his Head.

10.

Some others, of Fortunes both disperst and Low,  
With big-swelling Titles do's make a great show;  
A flexible Prince they would willingly have,  
That to Presbyter Subjects should be a meer slave;

*They'd set him on's Throne,  
To tumble him down,*

They scorn to submit to Scepter and Crown;  
And into confusion, or Common-wealth turn,  
A People that hastens to be undone.

11.

If such busy heads that would us confound,  
Were all advanc'd high, or plac'd under-ground;  
We'd honour our King, and live at our ease,  
And make the dull Presbyter do what we please:

*Who has cheated our Eyes,  
With borrow'd disguise,*

Till of all our Reason they'd taken Excise;  
But let's from their slavery strive to be free,  
And no People can er'e be so happy as we.

F I N I S.